WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

John Barrymore

in

Don Juan

The Motion Picture as One of the Fine Arts

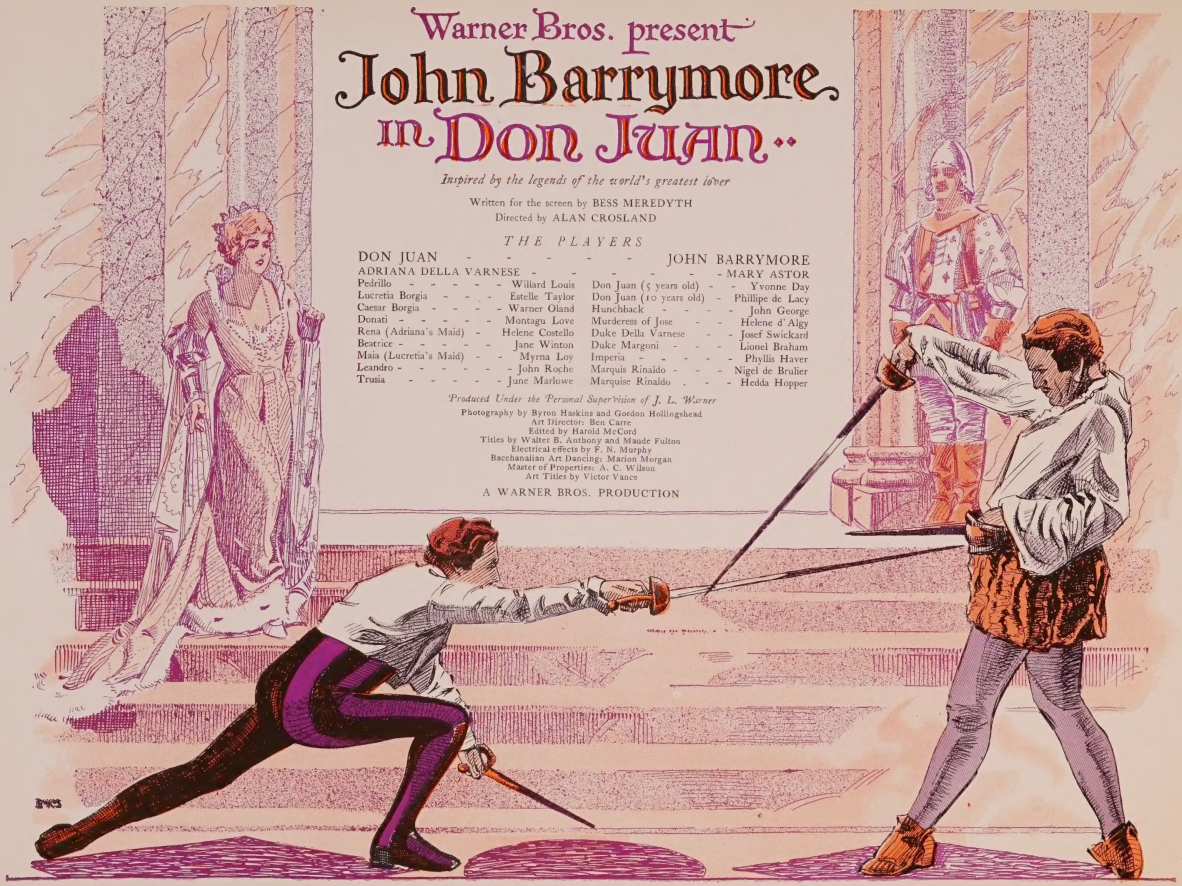
THE year 1926 marked the thirtieth anniversary of the birth of Cinema, the infant prodigy fathered by all the arts. In one scant generation the much maligned "movies" have become one of the arts, taking rank, by right of birth, inheritance and accomplishment, with the seven fine arts of tradition.

Chinese walls of language, prejudice and time-worn tradition have been surmounted and leveled by the international appeal of motion pictures. They tell their own story and make their story intelligible to all, eliminating the necessity of a trained mind, a concordance or a glossary.

Nothing yet discovered by the arts and sciences has the potency for international amity and goodwill among all peoples of all degrees as has the motion picture, with its unique capacity for educating and instructing while it is entertaining.

I am proud to be one of those who are striving to maintain the high and growing standards of artistic motion pictures. I predict that it will be the most effective of all the arts in the spread of culture and enjoyment among all the peoples of the world.

John Barrymore



Warner Bros. present

John Barrymore in Don Juan

Inspired by the legends of the world's greatest lover

Written for the screen by BESS MEREDYTH

Directed by ALAN CROSLAND

THE PLAYERS

DON JUAN	JOHN BARRYMORE
ADRIANA DELLA VARNESE	MARY ASTOR
Pedrillo	Willard Louis
Lucretia Borgia	Estelle Taylor
Caesar Borgia	Warner Oland
Donati	Montagu Love
Rena (Adriana's Maid)	Helene Costello
Beatrice	Jane Winton
Maia (Lucretia's Maid)	Myrna Loy
Leandro	John Roche
Trusia	June Marlowe
Don Juan (5 years old)	Yvonne Day
Don Juan (10 years old)	Phillipe de Lacy
Hunchback	John George
Murderess of Jose	Helene d'Algy
Duke Della Varnese	Josef Swickard
Duke Margoni	Lionel Braham
Imperia	Phyllis Haver
Marquis Rinaldo	Nigel de Brulier
Marquise Rinaldo	Hedda Hopper

Produced Under the Personal Supervision of J. L. Warner

Photography by Byron Haskins and Gordon Hollingshead
Art Director: Ben Carre
Edited by Harold McCord
Titles by Walter B. Anthony and Maude Fulton
Electrical effects by F. N. Murphy
Bacchanalian Art Dancing: Marion Morgan
Master of Properties: A. C. Wilson
Art Titles by Victor Vance

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

John Barrymore

The World's Greatest Actor

JOHN BARRYMORE is undoubtedly the most outstanding histrionic figure of our times. Each new role essayed by him in the spoken drama has but served to add another jewel to a diadem already a-glitter and a-sparkle with brilliant virtuosity. Great as is Barrymore behind the footlights, however, he admittedly is greater in the delineation of character before the motion-picture camera.

Admirers of Barrymore's art—and their number is legion—have been curious why so superb an actor should have forsaken the theatre, with all its traditions, and succumbed to the lure of the motion picture. But of a truth, Barrymore, in his motion picture work is enabled to satisfy his artistic cravings to a much greater extent than he found possible in the theatre. The most consummate of artists, Barrymore has always rebelled against the monotony enforced by appearances in the same role night after night.

In motion pictures Barrymore finds more scope for his talents and abilities, more opportunity for diverse characterization, more rich and colorful backgrounds that serve to bring out his impeccable artistry in sharp relief.

Although he is no novice in motion pictures, Barrymore's greatest fame as a film star has come to him as a result of his more recent screen productions. It is under the banner of Warner Bros. that his art before the camera thrived and matured. His appearance in "Beau Brummel" signaled one of the most memorable characterizations of his career.

BARRYMORE demonstrated his superlative ability as an actor in quite a different sort of role with his delineation of Captain Ahab in "The Sea Beast," an adaptation for the screen of Herman Melville's absorbing tale of whaling days. In this photoplay, conceded to be one of the greatest ever flashed upon the screen, Barrymore has built up a character that is mighty and moving in its poignancy and emotional appeal.

In "Don Juan," as the greatest lover of the ages, Barrymore plays the most difficult role of his career. To bring to life the legendary figure of the most romantic character in literature required a degree of artistry such as is possessed by no other living actor today. None but a Barrymore could have invested the character with all the varied shades of color, developed all the subtle nuances that make of Don Juan in the photoplay a living, breathing reality instead of a vague, visionary, dream-like figure.

For Barrymore to have played "Don Juan" is the consummation of a lifelong desire. Always he has wanted to interpret the character of the great lover as he understands him. That the role was one upon which his heart had been set is evidenced by the vivid manner in which his genius gives substance to what for lovers of romance has long been but a shadow.

JOHN BARRYMORE is now at work on his next production for Warner Bros., a royally conceived photoplay based on the famous opera "Manon Lescaut." A fascinating tale of life during the reign of Louis XV of France, in it Barrymore ascends to new heights and crystallizes the experience gained in all his previous appearances before the camera. For this magnificent production, too, Barrymore has chosen as his leading woman the ravishingly beautiful Dolores Costello, who rose to fame overnight by her playing of the wistful heroine in "The Sea Beast."

In "Beau Brummel," "The Sea Beast," "Don Juan," and his latest photoplay, Barrymore has contributed to screen art a four-faceted diamond that reflects every shade of characterization and every emotion that a human being can be called upon to portray. These four photoplays not only sum up Barrymore's art before the camera, they set a standard of excellence and artistry for motion picture production that has never before been reached in the industry.

The Legend of DON JUAN

The Inspiration of Poets, Painters, Musicians and Dramatists Brought to Life on the Screen in an immortal Photoplay

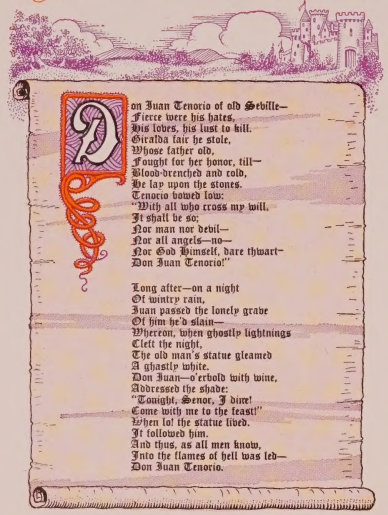
WRITTEN about in almost every tongue—the inspiration of scores, nay hundreds, of artists, poets, musicians and dramatists—it is a moot question if a real Don Juan ever existed. Down through the centuries, the romantic figure of the greatest of all lovers has been surrounded with a virtual halo, so that today he has become a type, a symbol, a glory—almost a divinity.

The character of the eternal lover has literally fired the imagination of dreamers in every land and in every period. Spain, Italy, France, England, Russia, America—in all these countries poets and playwrights have written versions of the legend in which the plot adhered closely to the original story written by Gabriel Tallez.

The wealth of Don Juan literature is baffling. Moliere wrote a Don Juan in which the character is exposed and ridiculed in that Frenchman's brilliant manner. One, Thomas Shadwell, wrote a play called "The Libertine," which was produced in England in 1676. It was grossly indecent—and worthless from a literary standpoint. Because of this play's bestiality, the personality of the radiant profligate degenerated in the minds of the people.

Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," revealed the hero's spirit in magical harmonies. In elfin tones and darting rhythms, as of summer lightning made audible, Don Juan's freedom in love and in morality—attracted, tempted—inexplicably forced one to range the hero on a transcendent plane. Mozart's is the last of the true Don Juans. In the early years of the Nineteenth Century, the character of Don Juan changed materially. He now became a repentant sinner. The most brilliant minds of France during this period occupied themselves with interpretations of the character. Balzac, De Musset, Gautier, Merimee—all wrote of him.

Better known than any other, perhaps, is the Don Juan of Lord Byron. There is little in Byron's hero that can be related to the original figure except that his birthplace is supposedly Seville, and that he, like the earliest of Don Juans, is an ardent lover. He is led by Byron along a road of many dalliances, until, at the length of sixteen cantos, his pilgrimage ends abruptly. Lord Byron meant, so he told friends, to conduct his hero personally into the midst of the French Revolution and to have him suffer the death of the guillotine. But death had other plans for Don Juan and his creator—the Glorious Apollo—whose own eventful life so closely paralleled that of the romantic figure to which his divine genius had given birth.


Don Juan Tenorio of old Seville—
Fierce were his hates,
His loves, his lust to kill.
Gicralda fair he stole,
Whose father old,
Fought for her honor, till—
Blood-drenched and cold,
He lay upon the stones.
Tenorio vowed low:
"With all who cross my will,
It shall be so;
Nor man nor devil—
Nor all angels—no—
Nor God Himself, dare thwart—
Don Juan Tenorio!"
Long after—on a night
Of wintry rain,
Juan passed the lonely grave
Of him he'd slain—
Whereon, when ghostly lightnings
Cleft the night,
The old man's statue gleamed
A ghastly white.
Don Juan—o'erbold with wine,
Addressed the shade:
"Tonight, Senor, I dine!
Come with me to the feast!"
When lo! the statue lived.
It followed him.
And thus, as all men know,
Into the flames of hell was led—
Don Juan Tenorio.

THE ORIGINAL STORY OF "DON JUAN"

The original story of "Don Juan" was written by a Spanish monk, Gabriel Tallez, (1570-1648), whose secular works were presented to the world under the pen name of "Tirso de Molina." As conceived by de Molina, the story was intended to point a moral in favor of the spiritual life. Subsequent attempts to create Don Juan have been colored more or less by de Molina's conception of the character

Many others whose names rank high in the realm of literature have essayed versions of Don Juan. The great Pushkin wrote "The Stone Guest," said to be the most splendid diamond in his poetic crown. Pushkin's Don Juan is an ennobled honorer of love, a searcher for the highest joy—not a rough seeker, but a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. Tolstoi created a Don Juan, not merely as a legend, but as a poetic statement of his philosophy in life. In Tolstoi's version, Don Juan is saved from carnality by love and ends his days in a cloister.

George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" portrayed a Don Juan who followed his own instincts without regard to the common, statute or canon law. Arnold Bennett has written a "Don Juan de Marana" play. Rostand's "Last Night of Don Juan" was presented in New York not so very long ago by the Provincetown Players.

IN the screen version, Bess Meredyth has created a Don Juan possessing the strength and fearlessness of "Don Juan de Tenorio," but with the romantic beauty and haunting whimsicality of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." As interpreted by John Barrymore, the character is graceful, clever, cheerful and biting, sincere and false, passionate and cold, wise and a madcap, fluent and insolent, brave, bold and important—a witty, resourceful, impulsive and slightly egotistical figure.

The photoplay crystallizes all the Don Juans that have ever gone before. It reincarnates and gives substance to all the spirit of romance and adventure that the name of Don Juan represents to every lover of literature, the stage and the screen. It has been produced by Warner Bros. with an artistry and understanding that make it the greatest Don Juan play of all times—an eventful, colorful, spirited tale of the Fifteenth Century—an age when rapiers leapt as quickly and as easily from their scabbards as a glance from the eye.

Behind the Scenes with the makers of DON JUAN

ONLY those who were actively identified with the actual writing and filming of "Don Juan" —the Warner Bros.' masterpiece of the screen in which John Barrymore plays the greatest of all lovers—can have any adequate conception of the laborious research, painstaking care and slavish attention to details that marked every step taken in the vast project.

In its costuming, in architectural design of the massive and beautiful settings, in fidelity of characterization, "Don Juan" is as true to the times in which the action is placed as past records can make it. Before Miss Meredyth, who wrote an original screen version of the legend, began work on her script, there was carried on by the research staff of Warner Bros. an exhaustive investigation into the customs, fashions and foibles of the Spainards and Italians of the XV Century.

The impressive sets used in the production were as carefully designed and built as if they were going to be permanent structures. The reproduction of the Spanish-Moorish castle hall, with all its aerial yet impressive beauty, followed upon a careful study of the classic architecture of the Renaissance. Even the doors — which convey a feeling of strength and solidity—are the real thing. Fifty-three of these great doors were made for the play, varying from a height of seven feet to a height of twenty feet, and in width from three feet to seven feet. These are all beautifully carved in the manner of the period

Some of the most striking scenes of "Don Juan" are taken in faithful reproductions of the Borgia palace and its approach and courtyard. The luxurious villa of Don Juan is copied from that of a gentleman of the period who enjoyed a reputation of a similar nature. The greater part of the prologue is enacted in a castle modeled after an historic old Moorish edifice in Spain.

An exact replica was made of the dungeons in the prison of the castle of St. Angelo, and their flooding by the River Tiber is based on an occurrence which is historically correct. Incidentally, in filming the breathlessly thrilling dungeon scene, director Alan Crosland and his Cinematographer, Byron Haskins were caged in a heavy water-tight box with an inch-thick plate glass for the camera to photograph through. The action depicts the breaking of the wall and the flooding of the dungeon into which Don Juan has been thrown at the order of Lucretia Borgia. John Barrymore gained the admiration and applause of his fellow workers when he stayed beneath the water near the glass for forty-eight seconds so that a close-up could be made. This was in cold, oily water, with Barrymore registering all the signs of a terrific struggle!

It was in such graphic fashion that obstacles were overcome and difficulties surmounted in the making of this super spectacle. In another scene in the dungeon, a fog was needed to convey an idea of the pestilential atmosphere of the place, which was filled with slime, foul growths and seepage. This effect was realistically obtained by using a sort of powder which makes a heavy, thick smoke that clings to the ground. The right touch was obtained for photographic purposes, but every few minutes the entire company would make a dash outside for fresh air!

Many acts of daring and courage occurred during the filming of the various scenes besides those which register on the screen. In the filming of a love scene in the beautiful little dressing room of Adriana (played by Mary Astor), as Don Juan came through the tall recessed window, the enormous pane of glass shattered into hundreds of pieces, showering over him. Barrymore went right on with the scene as if nothing were happening, while the cameraman ground away steadily. It was just luck that Barrymore came through the scene without harm.

Another dangerous stunt performed by Barrymore was in the thrilling duel scene. Don Juan has disarmed his enemy, Donati, on the grand stairway of the Borgia's banquet hall. He scorns to take advantage of his helpless foe, and casting aside his weapon dives from the top halfway down the stairs and onto his opponent's neck, both of them rolling and sliding and kicking the rest of the way. Needless to say, this scene was not repeated during the filming. It could not have been more perfectly done, albeit it was an act that required the greatest courage and agility.

MANY were the misadventures and happenings, some serious, others ludicrous, that occurred during the weeks that it took to bring "Don Juan" to completion. The finished production amply repays all the effort, heroism and devotion that went into its making. The photoplay stands as a lasting monument to the enterprise of Warner Bros. and constitutes a permanent tribute to stars, director, author and cast—in short, to all who in any way contributed their art toward making "Don Juan" the outstanding film masterpiece of our times.

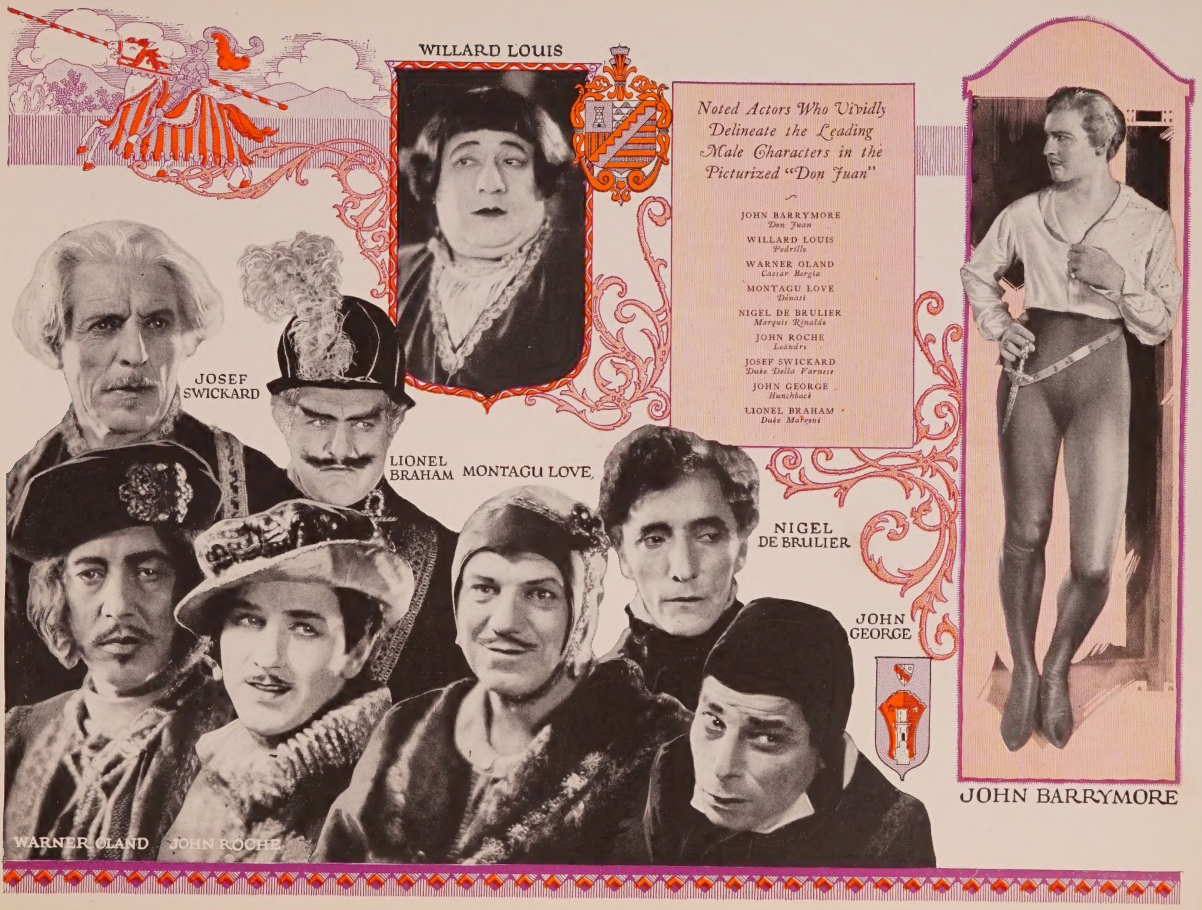
Noted scenarist who wrote the screen story of "Don Juan." Miss Meredyth also wrote the script for "The Sea Beast," and prepared the continuity for John Barrymore's third Warner Bros. picture, a forthcoming screen play based on the famous opera, "Manon Lescaut"

Whose directorial genius imparted to the screen play of "Don Juan" a perfection of imagery that makes this photoplay the outstanding motion picture of our times. Mr. Crosland will also direct the John Barrymore starring vehicle based on "Manon Lescaut"

VIVID SCENES fr
Immortal Photoplay of

rom "DON JUAN"
Romance Incarnate

MARY ASTOR
JUNE MARLOWE
Brilliant Stars of the Screen, and the Lovely Women They Portray in "Don Juan"
MARY ASTOR
Adriana
ESTELLE TAYLOR
Lucretia Borgia
HELENE COSTELLO
Adriana's Maid
JANE WINTON
Beatrice
MYRNA LOY
Lucretia's Maid
JUNE MARLOWE
Trusta
PHYLLIS HAVER
Imperia
HELEN LEE WORTHING
Eleanora
HELENA D'ALGY
Murderess of Don Juan
PHYLLIS HAVER
MYRNA LOY
HELEN LEE WORTHING
HELENE COSTELLO
JANE WINTON
MARY ASTOR
ESTELLE TAYLOR
HELENA D'ALGY


WILLARD LOUIS
Noted Actors Who Vividly Delineate the Leading Male Characters in the Picturized "Don Juan"
JOHN BARRYMORE
Don Juan
WILLARD LOUIS
Pedrillo
WARNER OLAND
Cæsar Borgia
MONTAGU LOVE
Dénati
NIGEL DE BRULIER
Marquis Rinaldo
JOHN ROCHE
Leandro
JOSEF SWICKARD
Duke Delia Farnese
JOHN GEORGE
Hunchback
LIONEL BRAHAM
Duke Mafeni
JOSEF SWICKARD
LIONEL BRAHAM
MONTAGU LOVE
NIGEL DE BRULIER
JOHN GEORGE
JOHN BARRYMORE
WARNER OLAND
JOHN ROCHE

DON JUAN

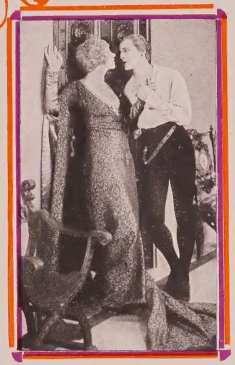
A Tale of the Times of the Borgias

Prologue

A Castle in Spain. Don Jose away on a mission for the King. His demure senora in golden dalliance with her latest lover. Strumming lutes, laughter, feasting, blown leaves and the flicker of sunlight and shadow, always the fluttering of doves and their mournful cooing; loves and hates, and the flash of swords, song, swift feet and clicking castanets; and in the midst of all—wondering, wistful, fair as a dream of Raphael—the heir of the castle, Don Juan, aged five.

The child passes unnoticed among the revelers, his only friend the great slim hound, whose silence comforts him. For many things he longs, but most of all for his mother's love. So the seasons pass, and then, Winter and the Awful Night! Father returns unexpectedly. Mother is cast out into the darkness. "Forever," they say. He wonders why. Shuddering, he hears the old nurse prattle of dungeon tortures and the lingering death to which Don Jose has consigned mother's courtly friend. Through the long, long nights the boy lies awake, wondering, ever wondering, what it could all mean.

Who are the Glittering Ladies that come to the castle now? Ladies as beautiful, almost, as his mother. Some notice him, tapping his shoulder playfully with a jeweled fan, rumpling his fair curls, or stooping to press their bright lips to his. Others pass him by as though he were a shadow, which, indeed, he sometimes fears he may be!



Then the second Awful Night! They have allowed him to stay up late to watch the banqueters. Standing with an arm about the faithful hound, he almost forgets to be sad, so gay is the music, so fast and furious the merriment. Then a gleaming dagger...a struggle...and one of the Glittering Ladies has driven the blade to Don Jose's heart. Terrified, the boy hears his father's dying words:

"Destroy women! Destroy women... or they ...will... destroy you!"

The Play

A luxurious villa, and Don Juan, just entered upon his lusty twenties, reigning there not alone by right of his fabulous riches, but by his strength, his deftness with the sword, his wit, his whimsical and often satanic fancy, the glamorous beauty of face and form, not-too-obtrusive arrogance, the moods of brooding sadness and of mirth, the ever-growing legends of his amours, his fearlessness.

The XV Century is nearing its close. Rome is a whirlpool of good and evil. High in power are the infamous Borgias—Caesar and his haughty and heartless sister—offspring of the profligate and licentious Alexander VI, whose manner of living was a disgrace to his office. Woe to those who thwart the will or desire of the Borgias!

All Rome courts Don Juan! Men, for the stirring conflict of word or sword; women, to know the disturbing magnetism of his smile, to feel their pulses quicken at the subtle compliment, the courtly bow; to venture nearer, nearer—moths, knowing the devastation of the flame and courting it! Each cup of love he takes, quaffs to the full, casts away...forgets. Across the years he glimpses the castle in Spain ...the Glittering Ladies...his mother. He hears his father's dying admonition. He will pay women in their own coin. He will be deceitful...soulless...

Story of the World's Most Romantic Lover as told on the Screen

honorless. . .even as they. Love is a rose. When the rose fades. . .let it be cast aside.

Well may Pedrillo, body-servant to Don Juan, shake his ruddy jowls, pat his huge belly, shrug, lift expostulating hands, and roll his eyes skyward —at the never-ending train of beauteous femininity that seeks his master's door. Pedrillo does not wonder that they come. All Rome is at the feet of Don Juan except,—except the Borgia!

Shall lesser women feast at Don Juan's table. . . while she. . .the mightiest in Rome, famishes? She summons Don Juan to her palace. Scornfully, he obeys. But on the way—alas for Lucretia Borgia—he beholds a vision of such virginal loveliness that he pauses, gazing upward, spellbound! Adriana leans from her rose-grown balcony . . . white roses . . . but she is lovelier than the roses!

Lucretia's haughty command is forgotten. Lightly he climbs to Adriana's side.

With the unreasoning anger of a woman scorned, Lucretia plans revenge. Her worthless kinsman, Donati, shall marry Adriana, whose father shall be poisoned. Don Juan, at the grand ball in the palace that serves as a mask to cover Lucretia's plots, intercepts the poisoned wine! With renewed venom Lucretia and her brother strike again. Again Adriana and her father are saved. The girl's passionate gratitude is mistaken by Don Juan for the light giving of self with which he is so familiar. But when, in the sudden fierceness of his embrace, she swoons —his soul is strangely stirred. With infinite gentleness he begs forgiveness! "Destroy women!" The far-off words flash across his mind. Surely not such as Adriana!. . .

Through Lucretia's machinations, war is declared on Adriana's kinsmen. Rome is an arena of blood and terror. Safety is offered to Adriana, and her father's life, if she but consent to marriage with Donati. In desperation, Adriana gives her promise. The triumphant Lucretia prepares a magnificent feast. Don Juan hears the wedding bells, and they seem to him the death knell of all his happiness. Couriers from the Borgias summon him to the feast, and refusing, he is cast into the reptile-haunted and pestilential dungeons of St. Angelo.

In the semi-darkness Don Juan sits, hearing the restless waters of the Tiber lapping the walls, when Lucretia, in splendid array, comes to offer herself in marriage. He spurns her offer. Lucretia leaves him with hate in her heart. Frantic with fear for Adriana, Don Juan effects his escape. . . rushes to the Borgia palace . . . crosses swords with Donati . . . and before the infuriated Borgias can intervene. . . kills him.

Both Don Juan and Adriana are now condemned to death. As they climb to the death-chamber, Don Juan, knowing the Borgian liking for death by poisoning, warns Adriana to feign death if anything be offered her. This she does. Don Juan fights his way furiously through the cordon of guards, lifts the apparently lifeless body of Adriana, escapes with her through a window, down the ivy-clad walls . . . mounts his white charger and is off to his castles in Spain.

Roman men talked long of Don Juan's prowess. . .his sallies of wit. . .his affairs of the heart. Glittering ladies pondered dreamily of the Great Lover. . .but Rome saw him no more. Safe in the green hills. . .far from the scenes of the past, he and Adriana found the Byronic "love of higher things and better days; the unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance of what is called the world and the world's ways!"

John Barrymore

in his forthcoming great WARNER BROS. Production with DOLORES COSTELLO

John Barrymore
as Don Juan

A Warner Bros. Star

MADE IN U.S.A.